

## **Wrapped Around Your Finger by Luddleston**

**Category:** Hades (Video Game 2018)

**Genre:** Anal Fingering, Anal Sex, Charon purrs I decided it, Dirty Talk, Established Relationship, M/M, Orgasm Delay/Denial, Strip Tease, Teasing, Using Charon's smoke for sexy reasons

**Language:** English

**Characters:** Charon (Hades Video Game), Hermes (Hades Video Game)

**Relationships:** Charon/Hermes (Hades Video Game)

**Status:** Completed

**Published:** 2021-03-16

**Updated:** 2021-03-16

**Packaged:** 2022-12-19 10:55:04

**Rating:** Explicit

**Warnings:** No Archive Warnings Apply

**Chapters:** 1

**Words:** 3,605

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Hermes isn't a patient person, which normally isn't a problem because Charon is quite used to Hermes' ways.

Except today, Charon has decided to perform the world's slowest strip tease with only his rings.

Hermes. Is. Going. To. Die.

## **Wrapped Around Your Finger**

### **Author's Note:**

This has been in progress for literally months now, but I keep having other ideas that steal me away from it.

This was my first time writing this ship, took me a while to get around to it bc banter when one character doesn't speak is. Challenging.

It sounded entirely ridiculous whenever he even so much as thought of it, but Hermes had been, as of late, trying to give himself some time to slow down.

Laughable, right? The fastest being in the world, slowing down.

But his family told him not to wear himself so thin, in their various ways. Athena seemed genuinely concerned, while Artemis just told him he looked tired. Ares wanted him to take a break if only to keep peace treaties from being passed back and forth so quickly. Dionysus kept telling him to "relaaaax," dragging the word out so long Hermes felt like he could've gotten a half-dozen messages delivered in the time it took for him to finish speaking.

But when Hermes had complained of it, Charon had made a low noise of agreement, and Hermes was forced to consider the concept of taking a break. Because if Charon wanted him to, it was probably a decent idea.

Imagine that.

Hermes decided that, well, Chelly seemed to do alright at her pace, so perhaps he could give it a try.

Just not quite that slow. Because moving at the speed of a tortoise was, frankly, ridiculous.

Some people did not seem to realize this.

Some people, meaning, his dearest professional associate, who he adored with all his heart, and who seemed bound and determined to *make. Hermes. Wait. FOREVER.* It was painful, it really was.

Particularly when what he was waiting for was the lovely, overwhelming, and—right now, at least—completely and utterly *necessary* feeling of Charon inside him.

Absolutely necessary.

He thought perhaps he might die without it.

Charon, the awful, monstrous, beautiful *tease* that he was, had already spent several minutes escorting Hermes to his private rooms in Erebus (which Hermes always appreciated both because the hoard of treasure down there was impressive and because it had a bed), and undressing him at a pace that Hermes simply could not abide by. He'd *folded* Hermes' clothes and then his own, once he'd removed them at an equally sluggish pace. The bastard. At least Hermes got the satisfaction of seeing Charon naked.

Charon at least spent a lengthy time kissing him, breathing smoke into Hermes' mouth, making him go all fuzzy and light inside. Hermes wanted to pounce on him, to take his pleasure—but Charon held him back.

He groaned a suggestion into Hermes' ear.

"Yes, of *course* I want you to fuck me, need you even ask?"

Charon huffed a creaking laugh, then found the bottle of oil—thankfully, he could do that much with some speed—and set it on the bed beside Hermes. He did not rejoin Hermes on the bed, did not unstopper the oil, did not even begin touching Hermes, no.

No, he was taking things slow today.

Hermes, not being mortal, did not require much preparation. Sex among gods was more about fulfilling urges, and they were not limited by the same things that mortals were. Charon did take the time to do so anyways on

occasion, usually by way of making Hermes do it for him. And Hermes liked that, liked stuffing himself full of his fingers while Charon watched, showing off for his lover.

He'd tried to go for it today, reached between his legs, and Charon turned around with terrifying speed and gave him a sharp noise of protest.

"So, I'm not allowed to touch?"

"Hreeeohhh," Charon confirmed.

Hermes sighed, settling back onto the bed to watch Charon putter around. At least Charon, in possession of all his wealth, had a luxuriously comfortable bed. He would've been more pleased about relaxing on it if he was doing so *post-orgasm*, but still.

"Whatever *are* you doing, boss?" Hermes asked. Charon had unearthed an intricate wooden box, bejeweled and covered in gold leaf, and set it in a perfectly-sized empty space atop the enormous chest of drawers beside the bed.

This was the thing about Charon's hoard: everything appeared chaotic at first glance, but Charon knew where to find each and every item Hermes had ever seen him look for. It meant he was pulling out this box for a reason.

Hermes very quickly determined what that reason was when Charon slid the first of three rings off his left index finger.

Oh, gods.

Charon opened the box with careful fingers—it already contained several gold rings, each situated inside a divot in the velvet that cushioned the bottom of the box. Charon hesitated for a moment before deciding on the perfect place for his ring, which was how Hermes *knew* he was doing it on purpose. Charon knew where every piece belonged. He didn't have to dither about looking for where each ring should go. He could probably put them

back with his eyes shut. Well. He technically couldn't do that, but only because he didn't have eyelids.

"Charon. You're killing me, old man. Literally. This is how gods die. Probably."

Charon removed the second ring and spent a similar amount of time considering its proper position, as if he had nothing else to be doing at the moment. "Graaaaahhhh."

"I *know* you can't put your fingers in me with your rings on, but there are several other options that *don't* involve that, last I checked."

Charon hummed, and searched for a spot to place his third ring.

"For instance, your other hand." On his right, Charon did not wear any rings on his first two fingers, and so despite the fact that he was quite ambidextrous, using his right hand was usually the better option. That is, if he wasn't trying to torture Hermes.

Unfortunately, today, he was in fact trying to torture Hermes. Charon only wore one ring on his middle finger, but he seemed to take an impossibly long amount of time to decide where to place it. Hermes groaned, flopping back onto the bed and covering his eyes, hoping that this rigmarole would be finished soon. Perhaps he'd take a nap while he waited on Charon.

Hah. Hermes, taking a nap. Could you imagine?

It only took a moment for Hermes to realize that the sound of Charon's rings clinking as he removed and placed them had stopped. He cracked one eye open, desperately hoping that meant Charon was ready to give him the best fuck of his life (which he absolutely deserved by this point), but no.

No, Charon was still wearing the exact same number of rings as before, and hadn't finished putting the one from his middle finger into its assigned spot.

Because he was waiting.

On Hermes.

"You want to make me *watch*?" Hermes groaned. "The furies could learn a thing or two from you about torture. At least they only torment souls who have done something truly abhorrent."

"Haaaaahhh."

"Oh, so I deserve it? And what makes you say that, huh?" Hermes propped himself up onto an elbow, deciding he could at least lasciviously appreciate the way Charon's hands moved. Every motion was so precise. He did nothing without intention.

Charon didn't answer Hermes, just hummed thoughtfully and let him think it through. And think, he did, because he wasn't sure what he ever could have done to irritate Charon, simply because the things he did which irritated everybody else never seemed to bother Charon. That was why they worked so well together. Besides, if Charon was put off by Hermes' non-stop chatter or the way he buzzed around like a hummingbird in flight, he wouldn't respond to it with sexual torture. He'd have a reasonable discussion about it like a normal person. Or at least, Hermes supposed he would.

Again, it had yet to happen.

So, it had to be something else. What crime had he done that would warrant such a punishment? At the very least, Charon removed another ring while Hermes thought. It was the exact moment he placed the latest bit of gold into its box that Hermes came upon his answer, too.

Fuck.

That's right.

The last time Charon had wanted to fuck him, Hermes had been a little too eager, a little too free with his hands, and he'd gotten Charon off before Charon had a chance to get in him. Charon had grumbled about it at the time, but hadn't made Hermes wait back then, no, apparently he'd saved the punishment for his misdeeds for this occasion. The sneaky bastard.

Charon must have realized Hermes had worked it out. How a man without lips managed to smirk was beyond him, but Charon pulled it off.

Gods, Hermes loved him.

Finally, *finally*, the ring on Charon's pinky slid free and Charon carefully placed it among his many others, looking over his shoulder at Hermes, who was dramatically breathing a sigh of relief.

"Alright, old man, you've had your fun, now come here and—"

Charon reached for his other hand.

"You have *got* to be kidding me. You don't need two hands for this!" Hermes complained, about ready to *tackle* Charon, if that's what it took. As soon as he sat up, though, he got a very indignant noise in response that clearly translated to *stay put*.

And Hermes, damn it all, obeyed him.

The good part of it was, Charon did not wear quite so many rings on his right hand. Four in total, three on his pinky finger and one beside. He went for the three smaller rings, first, putting them away with relative speed, considering how slow-moving he'd been prior. As if it were a reward for Hermes' good behavior.

"Oh, don't take pity on me now of all times," Hermes said, with a haughty toss of his head.

Charon did not.

Charon, instead, offered Hermes his hand.

Alright. Okay. If Charon wanted to go slow, Hermes could match his pace. He took Charon's hand, pressing his lips to the inside of Charon's wrist, the skin there papery-thin and dry despite Charon's constant rowing through the most humid parts of the underworld. Another kiss, and another, as he moved along Charon's wrist to the heel of his hand, to his palm.

He couldn't help but speed up (just a little! Hardly at all, really!) as he reached Charon's fingers, sucking the first two into his mouth as he plucked the ring off his third. Charon's hands were large, his fingers long enough to reach the back of Hermes' throat, but it was no trouble, really. Hermes was well used to such deeds. He opened his mouth to give himself some space, tonguing the web between Charon's fingers. Before him, things went a little hazy. Literally. Smoke plumed from Charon's mouth in excess, turning everything a soft sort of violet.

Charon pulled his fingers out, and gestured to the ornate box which sat still open, still waiting for its final piece to be laid to rest. Then, said the promise in Charon's eyes and the low rumble in his chest, would Hermes have what he wanted.

There was only one space left, so Hermes didn't have the chance of accidentally dropping the ring into the wrong spot. He popped it in, not with remarkable speed, but at the pace, perhaps, a normal person would move, looking at Charon after like, "*see that?*"

Either Charon's immeasurable patience had worn thin, or he'd decided this game was over, because he scooped Hermes up with one long arm around his middle, tossing him back onto the bed. His vision once again clouded with rich purple smoke—thankfully, they'd been doing this long enough that it no longer made him cough. Instead, it made the inside of his throat tingle, made something hot and liquid pool in his belly.

It was a promise of good things to come.

Charon plucked the bottle of oil from where it lay on the bed beside Hermes, unstoppering it one-handed while he held Hermes' wrists tight with the other, a clear order to stay where he was, although he could have freed himself if he wanted. Maybe. Charon was quite strong.

He loomed over Hermes, oiled fingers slowly circling his entrance, just to make Hermes squirm. "Come on, come on, come on," he chanted. "Waited for you so long, old man, you know how bad I need it—"



There was a low, rattling hum of satisfaction blooming from Charon's chest. Hermes knew the sound well, it was like a cat's purr, meant that Charon was deeply pleased by something.

"Oh, is that it?" he asked, wings and lashes fluttering in simultaneous flirtation. "You like hearing me beg? Like knowing how desperate I am for your touch?"

Charon rewarded him with one finger, long and slender, pressing into him slow enough that he could feel each knuckle distinctly.

"Yeah. Yeah, that's what's getting you, isn't it, boss? You like having me powerless with need, out of my mind 'cause I want your cock so bad." He sucked in a breath as Charon's finger curled just right inside him, arching his back and shaking with the effort it took to keep from fucking himself back on Charon's fingers. "Well, you've got it, you know you have. I'm at your mercy, big man."

Charon seemed to like that, too. He growled in Hermes' ear as he slid another finger inside, no longer moving slowly now that he had Hermes beneath him. Some things, even ever-patient Charon could not resist.

"That's *dirty* Charon," Hermes groaned, absolutely fucking delighted. "Yes, you can do that."

Charon, as per his request, did not take his fingers out, merely edged his cock in alongside them, stuffing Hermes fuller than he was used to. Charon's cock may have been a bit more tapered at the tip than an ordinary god's or a mortal's would be, but the base of it was just as blunt, and even the natural lubricant it produced (bright purple like his breath) wasn't enough to keep Hermes from feeling the stretch *immensely*.

Good thing Hermes was into that.

The position meant Charon couldn't be right up in Hermes' face during it all—he may have been big enough to be everywhere at once most of the time, but Charon wasn't very flexible. Instead, he breathed out hard, a stream of purple smoke floating about Hermes' head, caressing him where

Charon's hands could not. He leaned into the feather-light touch as Charon picked up the pace, his fingers forming a perfect V for his cock to fit between as he fucked Hermes.

Alright. Okay. Maybe Hermes could appreciate the removal of the rings, for this reason only.

Charon inclined his head and his smoke curled around Hermes' midsection instead, and then down further, violet shrouding his cock like a blowjob from a foot and a half away. Hermes tipped his head back, crying out, at an utter loss for words, which, for him, was quite remarkable. The smoke Charon breathed wasn't all that much warmer than the tepid, still air of the Underworld, but something of its components made whatever he breathed on tingle as if with heat.

Charon's free hand looped behind the small of Hermes' back, pulling him into an arch like a tightly strung bow, the position both taking pressure off Charon's wrist and allowing him to hit Hermes in just the right spot with every satisfyingly hard fuck. That, combined with the gentle touch of his smoke flowing around Hermes hips and cock, was...

Well.

It drove Hermes mad, was what it did.

"That's it, boss, right there, *fuck*, that's what I need, I—*oh!*"

"*Graaaaahhhh!*"

*"I—what do you mean, don't come yet? It's not as if I can... oh, Charon, you're being cruel."* Hermes would have been pouting, as Charon closed his mouth and shut off the stream of smoke fellating him, if he'd been able to do anything with his mouth other than letting it hang open.

*Fuuuuuck.*

*Listen. If Charon was going to make Hermes wait on his pleasure, he'd be there forever. That's just how it went, Hermes got off first almost always*

*(excepting the occasion Hermes was being punished for, which made this logic a little unsteady). And Hermes had never minded the moments when he drifted languidly while Charon continued to use him to get off—in fact, that was about as close to taking a break as Hermes ever got. Usually, before Charon even managed to get off, Hermes was hard again. Often, Charon didn't finish until Hermes had done so thrice.*

*Hermes came back from his disbelieving reverie to realize Charon was speaking to him. “Oh—no, I can't. Charon. You know I can't.” He was, in all honesty, so. Fucking. Close. He'd probably come whether or not anything touched his cock again.*

*Charon pulled his fingers out, which eased some of the pressure that had been steadily building within Hermes, and then pulled his cock out, which really did make Hermes pout. It was only momentary, as Charon clearly wanted to get back at it—enough time for him to turn Hermes onto his front, hike his hips back up, and shove in again. One hand, the one slippery with oil, gripped Hermes' hip, and the other went around his cock—not to touch him, but to squeeze the base tight so he had no choice other than to let Charon fuck him to climax before he was allowed his own.*

*“You absolute bastard,” Hermes whined. His head would have dropped onto the pillow if it weren't for his wings keeping him upright—Charon had this way of making him go completely boneless.*

*Charon laughed, a sound that was absolutely terrifying for most people, and bumped the skeletal ridge of his nose against the back of Hermes' neck, a playful touch that substituted for a kiss as Charon's mouth wasn't suited to that. Honestly, how could this man be cute at a time like this, when his lover suffered so?*

*“What can I do to convince you to let me off the hook, huh?” he bargained, as if he'd allowed himself to be caught stealing and was playing with the mortal who'd apprehended him. “If you let me come, I'll let you finish down my throat, does that work for you?”*

*No, that did not work for Charon.*

*“So I’m just to stay put, right—right—on the edge, until you finally get off—gods, Charon, I could fucking cry.”*

*“Hhhhhrrreeaaahh.”*

*“Of course you’d be into that, dirty old man.”*

*Another laugh, this one a bit stuttered because it was difficult to keep up a conversation while fucking someone this hard. Well. Difficult for most people. Hermes was talented at keeping up with conversations, especially while being railed so hard he had to beat his wings in order to push back against every thrust, lest he be sent careening into the headboard.*

*Charon eventually loosened his grip on Hermes’ cock, either because he’d decided to show mercy or because he was very close himself, and Hermes gleefully rocked back into every thrust. “Yes, yes, that’s it, just let me—“*

*Seconds before he would have finished, Charon squeezed his cock again and prevented it.*

*Alright, this time, Hermes really did cry. He couldn’t be blamed for it, overwhelmed and so aroused he thought his head was going to burst.*

*“You’d. Better. Be. Close, old man,” he said, huffing the words around each powerful thrust.*

*The noise Charon made was absolutely thrilling in that it was an affirmative.*

*“Oh, yes. Good. Please come for me, for the love of god—that means me, Charon, I need it—“*

*This was a mercy, Hermes knew. Charon could have kept going longer. The man had more stamina in him than one deity really ought to have been allowed, but now, he wasn’t trying to hold out, just allowing himself to take what he needed from Hermes.*

*Gods, Hermes always loved when Charon came inside him. There was just so much of it.*

*And after that, all it took for Hermes was Charon loosening his grip and stroking him once, slow, but slow was okay. Slow was enough for him right now.*

*Charon's smoke ringed Hermes' neck while Hermes fucked back on his cock, not quite allowing him to pull out, and cried out a truly explosive series of curses that he couldn't remember for the life of him after.*

*Normally, Hermes did not like Charon fussing over him.*

*Normally, he'd push himself off the bed, make somewhat of an effort to make it look like the Stygian boatman hadn't just had him forwards and backwards, and return to his work.*

*Today?*

*Today, that sense of responsibility and need to do things, go places, see people, had flown right out the window along with Hermes' ability to be anything other than a puddle in Charon's bed.*

*Charon greatly appreciated this, purring with absolute glee as he cleaned Hermes up, dried his tears, bumped his nose against Hermes' forehead in a comforting little tap. He found an enormous embroidered blanket to draw over the two of them, settling into bed beside Hermes and resting a proprietary arm over Hermes' side.*

*Not that Hermes could get up as he wanted to. He'd be weak and stumbling as a baby bird.*

*"Alright, my dear associate, you've convinced me."*

*"Mmmrgh?"*

*"It's possible, maybe, that slowing down might not be the worst thing ever."*

*Charon made a happy sigh and traced Hermes' cheekbone with his fingertips.*

*"But if you ever try to pull that shit with the rings again..."*

*Charon agreed not to pull that shit with the rings again as long as Hermes took a nap with him.*

*He drove a hard bargain, but eventually Hermes agreed.*

**Author's Note:**

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